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70th Anniversary of the Liberation of Auschwitz Commemoration Concert, April 9, 2016

Lawrence University

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70th Anniversary of the Liberation of Auschwitz Commemoration Concert

Rachel Joselson, soprano

Rene Lecuona, piano

Saturday, April 9, 2016

8:00 p.m.

Harper Hall

<i>Ein Jüdisches Kind</i>	Carlo Taube (1897-1944)
From <i>Drei Jiddische Lieder</i>	Viktor Ullmann (1898-1944)
I. Berjoskele	
III. A Mejdle in die Johren	
<i>Ich weiss bestimmt, ich werd dich wiedersehn</i>	Adolf Strauss (1902-1944)
<i>Ich wandre durch Theresienstadt</i>	Ilse Weber (1903-1944)
<i>Kleine Wiegenlied</i>	
<i>Dobrý den</i>	
<i>Wiegala</i>	
<i>Ukolébavka</i>	Gideon Klein (1919-1945)

INTERMISSION

From <i>Holocaust Lieder</i>	Norbert Glanzberg (1910-2001)
An die Völker der Erde	
Für Ule ...	
Lied zur guten Nacht	
Nachtgedanken	
Der Ofen von Lublin	
Versprich mir eins ...	
Allen Vögeln	
Greta	
Abschied	

PROGRAM NOTES

This program features Holocaust themed songs with music composed during the Holocaust, featuring several songs composed and performed at Theresienstadt and a lesser known classical song cycle by Norbert Glanzberg. Born in Poland in 1910, Norbert Glanzberg dedicated many years of his long life to film music, songs and show business. His name, until the last quarter of his career, was always associated with the entertainment world and such famous names as Edith Piaf, Yves Montand and Maurice Chevalier. After the death of these friends, Glanzberg no longer felt at home in modern pop culture, and began to reflect on his Jewish background. Composed in 1983, these Holocaust Songs were set to texts from "Der Tod ist ein Meister aus Deutschland," a collection of writings by prisoners in concentration camps, both Jews and resistance fighters.

RECITAL TRANSLATIONS

Ein Jüdisches Kind-A Jewish Child

(Erika Taube)

You are a child like all the others
Who live all over the world.
Like all the other playmates,
And yet you are so different, child.

You are a child, missing a homeland,
In all the cities you are foreign.
As long as this word don't come from
you:
Homeland, your heart is
unconstrained.

Berjoskele-Little Birch

Quietly shaking its curly green head
My pale little birch tree prays without
end;
Each little leaf rustles a silent prayer;

Pray, little birch tree, also for me.
I came here alone from a distant land;
Here the god is strange to me as also is
his speech;
He will neither see my sadness nor
understand my prayer,

From the distant field came a gentle
breeze
And told the little leaves endless stories;
A great longing overcame my heart.
Pray, little birch tree, pray also for me.

Ikh bin shoyrn a Meydl in di Yorn- I'm already a girl in the years

1. I'm already a girl in the years,
Why did you turn my head so?
I've wanted, already a long time, to
marry
And find a husband.

2. You promised to take me
And I've waited for you;
Why should you be ashamed
That you're a fool for me?

Ich weiss bestimmt, ich werd dich wiedersehen-

I know for sure, I will see you again
(Ludwig Hift)

When I saw you for the first time,
I was fascinated from your glance
And your smile appeared to me

like a ray of sunshine and happiness.

And I sought out your company,
even if you walked past me.
I felt so enriched and sensed right away;
soon a spring of love was smiling on us.

I know for sure, I will see you again
and enclose you in my arms,
And everything rejoices in me.
How beautiful will it be
to kiss you endlessly!

Whatever happened before,
that's lost and forgotten,
No shadows sadden the sunshine;
who can measure our happiness!
And always will I be with you.

Yet destiny tore you away from me
far over lands and sea;
And now many troubled years
lie between me and you.

Still the deep longing,
that I felt towards you, doesn't tire me.
I have thought of only you day and
night,
and the song sings in me:

I know for sure, I will see you again
and enclose you in my arms,
And everything rejoices in me.
How beautiful will it be
to kiss you endlessly!

Whatever happened before,
that's lost and forgotten,
No shadows sadden the sunshine;
who can measure our happiness!
And always will I be with you.

**Ich wandere durch Theresienstadt-
I wander through Terezin** (Ilse Weber)
I wander through Terezin,
My heart as heavy as lead,
Until my path comes to an end
Just to the edge of the Bastei*

There I remain standing on the bridge
And look out into the valley:
I so want to go further,
I so want to go home!

Home! You wonderful word,
You make my heart heavy,
They took away my home,
I have no home anymore.

I turn around sad and dull,
So difficult it is for me:
Terezin, Terezin, when will the
suffering end?
When will we be free again?

Kleines Wiegenlied-Little Lullaby (Ilse
Weber)

The night slithers through the Ghetto,
black and mute,
Go to sleep, forget now everything
around you.
Cuddle your little head in my arms.
With mother one sleeps cozy and
warm.

Sleep, overnight can a lot happen.
Overnight can all worry vanish.
My child, you will see, once you are
awake,
Peace arrived overnight.

Dobry Den-Good Day (Ilse Weber)

Good day, Lord, stand by us,
Extend your peace to us,
That we love unmeasured
All evil be forgotten.
Good day, Lord, stand by us,
Extend your peace to us

Wiegala-Lullaby (Ilse Weber)

Rockabye, rockabye baby
The Wind plays on the lyre
It plays so sweetly in green reeds
The nightingale, she sings her song
Rockaby, rockabye baby
The wind plays on the lyre

Rockabye, rockabye baby

The moon is like a big lantern
It stays suspended high in heaven's
deep tent
It looks down on the world.
Rockabye, rockabye, baby
The moon is like a big lantern.

Rockabye, rockabye, baby
How is the world so quiet?
No noise disturbs the sweet quiet.
Sleep, my child, sleep also you

Rockabye, rockabye baby
How is the world so quiet?

Ukolébavka-Lullaby (Emanuel Harusi)

Lie down my son, quietly,
Don't weep bitterly.
Near you your mother sits,
Keeps you from any evil.

The jackal is wailing in the woods
The wind is blowing there,
But you, my little son,
Lie down, lie down and sleep.

Night, night, night and shadow
Fly very fast.
It is forbidden to be lazy,
Tomorrow one has to work.

Tomorrow your father will go out to
plow,
In the furrows your father will go.
Here you grow, raise your head,
Together, you will go to the field.

trans. Mira Zakai

**An die Völker der Erde-To the People
of the earth (Werner Bergengruen)**

Twelve times comes the bulky ice on
the streams.
Twelve times a year climbing to the
summer's glowing crown
Twelve times the swallows return north,

Twelve times is sown. Twelve times is
harvested.

Twelve times the willows become green
and have shadowed the streams.
Children grew up and the elderly were
buried.
Four thousand days, four thousand
endless nights hour by hour

Not knowing whether someone would
bring a sign!
People, it counts what sins happened in
these twelve years.

What was suffered none of you have
seen.

Only the angel counted the tears.
He alone heard the trumpets blare
through cheers,
drums and droning bells of the
tortured screams, sighs and death
groans.

Only he the palpitating heartbeat out of
hellish nightly hours,
Only he the whimpering of the women
whose husbands disappeared.
Only he heard the lurking slow steps
around windows and gates,
The hateful laughter of the judges and
prison cohorts.

Peoples of the world, all who come
from the same lineage
Two thousand years destroyed within
your borders.
All horror happened before your eyes
And only a little one stifled the early
fire.

Certainly you all meant to keep
yourselves behind seas and shielding
fortresses,
And forgot the secret that what befalls
one, befalls everyone
Until the demon from our blood
swollen shouting
Over the borders burst forth into the
world.

Peoples of the world! The decision of
the court applies to us all.

Everyone together lament the betrayed,
together empowered!
Peoples of the world, proliferate the
divine:
Repentance! Freedom! Peace!

Für Ule...-For Ule... (Adam Kuckhoff)

Ule, son, you small light,
You are far away. I can't see you.
You will soon be an adult.
You will fly in the open air!

My darling son, my later happiness,
I leave you fatherless behind.
An entire nation is not enough;
Humanity will be your father.
My dear son, my little light,
You are far away, I can't see you.

Lied zur gute Nacht-Good night song
(Chris Hornbogen)

Go to sleep, my darling, fall asleep.
Heaven extinguished the evening glow.
It's already hanging over there in the
willow tree,
The star with the gold lining.

Go to sleep, my darling, fall asleep.
The day ends its loud song.
The night proceeds on a blue shoe
And covers up the tired ones.

Sleep and dream a friendly dream.
The world is full of misery and distress,
One dies in wars, one hungers to death.
Yet a protective house saves you.

Sleep well, my love, sleep well, so well.
The wind is weaving a silken dress
Out of green arbors balsam air
Out of red rose fragrance.

Sleep well, my love, sleep well, so well.
Still you're covered with warming
feather fluff.
The morning is coming, the day comes
closer
With wide winged flapping.

Sleep and dream a friendly dream.
The world is full of resentment and
haste
And hunting for the golden burden.
Yet a protective house saves you.

Go to sleep, my darling, fall asleep.
The brook is searching its path to the
current.
The seed flies far with the wind, and
you will go, my child.
Sleep, A protective house protects you.
Fall asleep my love, sleep well, so well.

Nachtgedanken-Night Thoughts
(Wolfgang Philipp)

Deep lies the night in heavy train,
Lightless and without shine.
She holds her black breath
And listens and listens inside herself.

Just softly falls from the damp bough
A dew drop into the grass inside.
As the heart of night sorrow's burden
Through tears frees herself.

Such drops fall so softly, so lost from
the world,
And still! What a noise would resound
If suddenly we, with God's ears,
Heard the tears, which in little nights
fall!!

**Der Ofen von Lublin-The Oven from
Lublin** (Theodor Kramer)

There is an oven, a strange hole
In a sandy field near Lublin.
The trains were led there day and night,
The desiccated in cattle cars.
There were many people from any
country
Gassed and also yet burned alive
In the fiery hole of Lublin.

They let wave for three years on the
mast
The Swastika flag over Lublin.
They were in no hurry to bury them.
Here! there were still uses for them.

The ashes of the bones were sorted,
In canvas sacks filled and sealed
As fertilizer from Lublin.

Now waves the fivefold jagged star
In the summer wind over Lublin.
The shaft is cold, yet near and far
On the scenic landscape back
And continued eating as long
As not murdered by the executioner's
ax,
Of the last servants of the main
oppressors in the world.
The fiery shame of Lublin.

*Lublin once served as one the most
important centers of

**Versprich mir eins-Promise me one
thing** (Ernst Münziger)

Promise me one thing; I know that
times will come
They will be darker than all that came
before.
I know that what I have found of solace
and force,
Then it will be as if it never existed.

Through deep of night will I then go to
you.
On tired soles and in all desperation
A long time will I stay near to you
And fearlessly await silent death.

Promise me one thing, you will give a
sign,
That for me, the gate of the gloomy
night, opens.
You will lift, the pure shell of your
hand
From out of which flows the light of
your soul.

You will bless me when I turn myself
around
And painfully long, a sweet, last time.
Press my forehead in your loving hands
Promise it soon, already arrives the
morning.

**Im Gefängnis (Allen Vögeln)-To all
birds** (Johanna Kirchner)

To all birds that are imprisoned,
I wish to gift freedom,
That they again happy in the air
Their redeemed flutter steers.

To all flowers, that are in the shadows
I wish to send rays of sunshine
So that they turn their young buds
Toward the golden light.

To all people who suffer,
I wish to show a thousand stars,
Which out of clouds dark consolation
Manifest tilted downward.

And to all the people I love,
I wish to give totally, everything,
That with bright, sweet magic
Can adorn a human life.
That the shadows of dreary hours
Glide far away from them,
That they, on shady paths,
Advance forward toward high goals.

Greta (Adam Kuckhoff)

To others I have often written many
verses,
To you only here and there a small
word.
Does this show a less powerful love?
Don't I leave you as a debtor?

Oh beloved, immeasurable,
Was the love that bonded us.
About her have I forgotten the word,
Because every day we found ourselves
in her.

Do you think about the blood in your
lungs?
Do you speak of the air that surrounds
you?
No, I haven't sung you,
I have only loved you.

Shouldn't I still have a lot to tell you?

Every hour takes away from the last one
And yet I find in these days,
Hardly a word.

I am indebted to you for so many
things.
I see calmly though the end is coming
soon.
Nothing remained, like when we went
together,
From the biggest to the tiniest:
Unsaid and undone.

Abschied-Departure (Hubert Gsur)

Now am I only still a small while
On your path, already silenced the first
star.
And as I still with your shadow rush,

Am I to you already a thousand dreams
away.
Already I don't know any more
between your glances
Softly to rock me in the heaven's blue.
Already I stand under more difficult
fates
In the death yard of the dark evening
woman.

Already your words stroke my cheeks
Like a long time distanced wind dream.
Already I've finally escaped from you
I overshadowed from destiny's dream.

Already swallow me the gorges of
serious streets
In a foreign gray evening city,
There is, to your words gladly forgotten
So strong that he has soon beaten me!

And as the sunlight with you still share,
The messenger waved to me already of
the dark man.
He comes and over a short while
I am gone, mutely separating star to
star.